

When Roosevelt Reaches Africa

Denizens of the Jungle Will Be In Danger—Extensive Preparations Being Made to Insure the Ultimate Success of the Novel Expedition of an Ex-President.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.
Now in awesome apprehension,
Shrinks the lion in his lair.
Held in terror's torturing tension,
The rhinoceros reads his hair.
Now the elephant is fearful
Lest his step be overheard,
And he'd be a sight more cheerful
Were he just a little bird.

—From "Jungle Jingles, 1908."
THERE is one piece of news that will be news for at least a score of months. Then it will become literature at \$2 a word. Allusion is made to the forthcoming plunge of Theodore Roosevelt into the wilds of Africa to hunt big game.

It is a piece of news that already has thrilled the world. Kings, courtiers and commoners are talking about it. Affairs of state have taken a back seat. They are dry as dust. This is interesting as a ragging catarrh. It still thrills. When, immediately after becoming our only living ex-president, next March, Mr. Roosevelt departs for his dash into the jungle for a year's absence, the thrill will be such that many of us can hardly wait until the huntsman's own story is written by himself and published broadcast to an avid earth. That this story will be all of the six best thrillers amalgamated is not to be disputed.

For seven years Mr. Roosevelt has been held in check by the reins of office. He has been bitten and curbed. He has been restrained by a steady job, so that he has been unable to do what he wants to do. When he returns to the liberty of a private citizen

of British and German East Africa for the past ten years, cultivating the ostrich and incidentally eliminating the elephant, the lion, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the leopard and a few other big uns that abound in those parts. It is east Africa, mind you, to which Mr. Roosevelt will go.

Mr. Pringle writes back to an American some tales about the game in those parts which sound as if they came from the tall timber. But Mr. Pringle is reputed to be honest, though rich. He has had excellent opportunities to see the roaming multitudes of large beasts, and what he says should be taken without doubt or decision.

"I have just returned," he writes, "from the Karamoyo mountains, and I had splendid success. I added eight elephants to my list and could have killed probably a dozen others."

Whew!
Think of being turned loose with a blunderbuss when Barnum's circus is making its free street parade.

Tossed by an Elephant.

But hear Percy Pringle further: "One of the elephants tossed me and nearly broke my skull. My 'boys' carried me home in my mashela."

The mashela, be it known, is a ham-mock, and "boys" are the naked blacks, age and size immaterial, whom every African huntsman must take along to do the heavy work. Incidentally this skull cracking should inspire Mr. Roosevelt with a disinclination

to take passage on an elephant's trunk, and it should warn Kermit to give his strenuous sire some fatherly advice in the jungle.

But peruse Pringle: "On none of my trips have I seen so much game, and I believe that, instead of growing fewer in numbers, it is increasing. Lions are more numerous than when I came here, and there is hardly a night that we do not hear their near our cattle kraals."

Fine Collection of Animals.
That is rather indefinite. But hear this, Mr. Pringle speaking: "One morning when I woke the boys carried me to the top of a kopje so that I could see what was in the valley. I will never forget the scene. I do not believe any living man ever saw so many fine animals together at one time. There was only one herd of fourteen elephants, but of every other conceivable kind of game there were so many that it would have been impossible to count them. I believe, in a day, even if they had stood in one spot instead of moving around like so many ants on a heap. There were buffalo, eland, giraffe and practically every kind of bok in the country."

Now, isn't that enough?
But let us hear what the late monarch, Tippe Tib, said about the multiplicity of elephants in his domain. Tippe declared that there were at least 200,000 elephants alone in his part of east Africa, about 15,000 herds of them, and the poor fellow died bemoaning the fact that there was still \$25,000,000 worth of ivory truncating around the jungles, which probably would fall to the lot of the white usurper.

Only the rich can hunt in east Africa. It costs money. In the first place, it takes about two months and \$500 to get to the big game coast. Then comes the outfitting. That runs up into the thousands. "The boys" must be selected and hired. It will require fifty or sixty of them for the Roosevelt expedition. The boys are pack horses, carrying about seventy pounds of luggage each upon their naked backs. And the walking isn't good either. Sometimes the boys balk and have to be whipped into line. Sometimes they mutiny and make

sausage meat of their white overlords. But, as a rule, these Africans can be coerced with cash arguments. They are buyable, like some American politicians not of the Roosevelt stripe.

And there are the supplies. They also come high. The medicine item is a big one. There are dense swamp jungles to cross before reaching the tablelands and the foothills where the big beasts be. These swamps exude a miasma that confers upon the unacclimated Caucasian a fever that puts him to sleep permanently in a dozen hours or so unless he can manage to fight off the first attack with the proper specific. Even then, once attacked, that swamp jungle fever is apt to return in force about once a year the rest of the victim's life. But, with the medicine discovered by the late Dr. Livingstone taken as a preventive before catching the fever, and as a specific after catching, the white man may feel reasonably sure of getting back to civilization alive unless a lion devours him or an elephant tramples him or a snake embraces him too cordially.

Why, are there dangers in African big game hunting?

Woods Full of Leopards.

Well, some. How would you like to meet a full grown leopard cat not house broke in a forest somewhere east of Suez when the cat had missed its breakfast and it was some hours past dinner time? An African leopard is no respecter of persons, not even of ex-presidential persons. And, to use an American phrase, the woods are full of them.

But the leopard is one of the least of the African ogres. The elephant on his native heath is by no means the street broke animal of the traveling circus. He will not eat peanuts from the hand, not even from the hand of an ex-president. And his footprint is painful to the person printed. The African elephant is liable to step on you with both front feet and then double up and plant his rear pedals where they will do the most harm.

It was almost child's play for Mr. Roosevelt to hunt bears in the Mississippi canyons. There were a few flea bitten brutes of small size scooting around in the brakes, scared half to death at sight or sound of a human and scampering for cover. But when this same huntsman gets into equatorial Africa and encounters King Leo in his lair there will be another tale to tell. Assuredly the exploit of the Yazo ducky who caught a bear and tied it to a tree so that the president could shoot it (but he wouldn't and didn't) will not be matched by any of Mr. Roosevelt's black boys in the jungle so far as the lion is concerned.

Taxidermist in the Party.

Mr. Roosevelt's purpose, as announced, is to kill specimens of each kind of big game in Africa. As he is to devote a whole year to the task, there seems no reason to doubt his ultimate success. He proposes to back up what he writes about his exploits by bringing home with him the carcasses of the slain beasts. A taxidermist will accompany the party to mount the animals and preserve them for shipment. The taxidermed pachyderms and other defunct beasts are to be presented to some American museum of natural history, so that future generations may gaze upon them and admire the prowess of the mighty huntsman of 1909.

It is stated by one prognosticator that Mr. Roosevelt will visit while in Africa the home of William N. McMillan, a young millionaire from St. Louis who for several years has lived in the wilds of east Africa near the equator, where he has a place which he calls Tula farm. Mr. McMillan, who is an inveterate and intrepid hunter and explorer, is said to have 15,000 acres stonily inclosed against the predatory beasts of the outlying wilderness. His big bungalow is built of iron, so that lions, gorillas, elephants and other animals more interesting than charming cannot break in and eat Missouri millionaire for breakfast.

Presents For Native Rulers.

Mr. Roosevelt is in correspondence with various persons who know something at first hand about Africa and the Africans, the climate, the kings, the beasts and the "boys." High authorities remark that the president shows wisdom in thus seeking advice, for if he should plunge headlong into the hunting country just anywhere the chances of his catching a fever would be considerable. Fevers are more to be feared than the natives. Nevertheless, to conciliate the native rulers of the parts where the big game abounds, it will be necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to take along many packages of presents. It is more than likely that when an African king learns that his visitor has been the big chief in his own land the black host will confer unusual gifts upon Mr. Roosevelt, thus increasing the expense of the expedition, because courtesy will demand reciprocity.

Just now the Roosevelt mail at Oyster Bay is bulging with letters from all sorts of persons who want to go along with the hunting party. Secretary Loeb remarked the other day that the president could have, if he wished, a volunteer army of several thousand with which to penetrate to the interior and conquer the country. Of course this is quite true, for the Roosevelt African hunt is going to belong to history. But the rough riders and weary walkers who would like to be in at the killing will be disappointed, for the president is known to be a man who dislikes to have a mob around him when he wants to shoot game. Even the photographers, many of whom have urged their claims, are being turned down. Kermit Roosevelt, who is a husky young man and an expert photographer, has pre-empted the picture taking job.

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LION HUNTING IN AFRICA.

ne is going to do just as he pleases. What he pleases to do is to make and leave a record as the world's champion hunter of big game.

And that's why he's going to Africa.

Killer of Fierce Beasts.

Mr. Roosevelt has shot everything in this country worth shooting. An American bear looks to him now no bigger than a brush pile bunny. He has been and seen and conquered the growing grizzly, the screaming mountain lion and the mooring moose. Kings and czars are the only big game left in Europe, so it is necessary to cut loose from civilized continents altogether and puncture the primeval. Mr. Roosevelt proposes to go to the land where truly real lions roar, where hippopotami hop, where leopards leap, where elephants elevate their trunks and where gorillas growl.

This is live news because it is so unusual and because it is announced a year beforehand. No president ever did such a thing as that after stepping down and out. It is big news because Theodore Roosevelt is the most celebrated man in the world today. For nearly two terms he has occupied the highest post of honor in all the world. Now he retires—speaking nearly a year ahead, of course—and from the tip of the topmost tower of civilization he takes a header into the depths of the darkest jungles of barbarism that yet remain on the earth's surface.

If that is not a starter, then bring on the thrill medicine.

Just what sort of a country is this into which Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit, who will be twenty-one years old then, are to plunge? Will the ex-president be disappointed because the game is not what it has been cracked up to be? Will he weep, Alexander, like, because of finding after all his travel and trouble and expense that there is not another animal world to conquer in Africa?

Well, that is not likely.

Big Game Plentiful.

That is, if we may accept the statements of certain persistent sportsmen who have decided to live in Africa just because the big game is so plentiful. Take, for instance, Percy Pringle, who has been living near the dividing line

tion to take passage on an elephant's trunk, and it should warn Kermit to give his strenuous sire some fatherly advice in the jungle.

But peruse Pringle: "On none of my trips have I seen so much game, and I believe that, instead of growing fewer in numbers, it is increasing. Lions are more numerous than when I came here, and there is hardly a night that we do not hear their near our cattle kraals."

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sausage meat of their white overlords. But, as a rule, these Africans can be coerced with cash arguments. They are buyable, like some American politicians not of the Roosevelt stripe.

SKY LINE TWENTY MILES UP.

Kissimmee, Fla., to Pass an Ordinance Regulating Airships.

Mayor T. M. Murphy of Kissimmee, Fla., has prepared an ordinance designed to regulate airship traffic. He will ask the council to pass it.

Section 1 says, "For the purpose of this ordinance the boundaries of the town and boundaries of the airship limit of the town shall be held to extend upward in a vertical direction to a distance of twenty miles in the sky, and the area of the airship limit of the town shall be the same as that of the fire limit of the town."

Another section provides that the marshal shall have an aeroplane to chase offenders, while another fixes a license tax upon all styles of airships. Ninety days or \$500 fine is the penalty for infractions.

No one in Kissimmee remembers ever having seen an airship.

Why is it that the only time the newspapers spell a man's name right is when he is arrested for street fighting?—Los Angeles Times.



One Bar of Peosta Will Do It

The larger the Washing the greater the need of

Beach's Peosta Soap

Wash The Peosta Way and have clean clothes, white clothes, with as little labor as possible and without fear of injuring the fabric or wearing them out on the scrub-board. Soak them an hour or more in Peosta Suds, (to release the dirt), and they will be just ready to "come white."

5.—The whiteness of clothes greatly depends upon thorough rinsing. When well rinsed in two or three clear waters and the bluing water, put through the wringer and hang out at once. Lay aside articles to be starched, that they may be done together.

5 Bars—Enough for 5 large washings—25 cents



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| Organized. | Assets. |
|---|--------------|
| Aachen and Munich Ins. Co. of Germany | \$ 1,778,258 |
| Commercial Union Assurance Co., England | 6,744,397 |
| Franklin Insurance Co., Philadelphia | 2,569,477 |
| Fire Association of Philadelphia | 7,840,675 |
| German American Insurance Co. of New York | 13,508,038 |
| Hanover Insurance Co. of New York | 4,114,164 |
| Hartford Fire Ins. Co. of Connecticut | 18,920,604 |
| Insurance Co. of North America of Philadelphia | 11,268,104 |
| Niagara Fire Insurance Co. of New York | 4,326,789 |
| North British and Mercantile Ins. Co., England | 6,832,710 |
| Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co. of Philadelphia | 6,462,117 |
| Phoenix Insurance Co. of New York | 8,719,795 |
| Phoenix Insurance Co. of Connecticut | 7,965,463 |
| United Firemen's Insurance Co. of Philadelphia | 1,995,419 |
| London Assurance Corporation, England | 2,435,172 |

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